

ARTICLE APPEARED  
ON PAGE 24

WASHINGTON POST MAGAZINE  
4 December 1983

# SEARCHING FOR THE SPIES OF TOMORROW

STATINTL

**BY LEE MICHAEL KATZ**

*Lee Michael Katz's last article for The Magazine concerned an inventor who envisions self-cleaning clothing.*

**A**mong the 500 college men and women with firm handshakes at the "Challenge '84" job fair, D. J. Emmanuelson, a 20-year-old economics and French major from Washington and Lee University wearing a blue suit and a "yes, ma'am" demeanor, was a hot prospect for recruiter Cecelia Velar Walker.

She was spending a tiring morning in Lynchburg, Va., 170 miles from her home office, fielding questions from waves of ultrapreppie students who knew virtually nothing about her firm except that it was hiring. When young D. J. (Dwight Jr.) stuck out his hand, Walker, who works for a powerful international firm known simply as "The Company," broke into the guarded smile of a major league baseball scout who has discovered a young Fernando Valenzuela in a sandlot baseball game.

Twelve years ago, Walker was a Pittsburgh secretary. Then a recruiter plucked her away to suburban Virginia with promises of a career she has never regretted. D. J. Emmanuelson now approached her with a delicious list of analytical and language skills, and she didn't want

him to get away. "You in all probability would make a great candidate for our career training program," Walker burred. Call her anytime. Collect.

At a small table between the C&P Telephone Co. and the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, Walker—who is attractive, middle-aged and refused to permit her photograph to be taken—sat under a “Central Intelligence Agency” signpost searching for the spies of tomorrow. Trying to downplay the James Bond stereotype, she monotonously

repeated a standard speech designed to cut off the questions about karate training: "We are an overseas intelligence-gathering agency. . ."

Although D. J.'s last brush with danger was a fraternity toga party that lasted until 4 a.m., he thought the CIA

"might be a lot of fun. I think there's a lot of subversion and things going on in other countries."

In the pragmatic 1980s, CIA recruiters are welcomed with open arms on college campuses. They offer coveted jobs that start in the \$20,000 range, and no one asks questions about the overthrow of governments in Chile.

According to intelligence sources, a realistic CIA intelligence officer would advise something like: "Help Wanted:

Healthy, young man or woman to devote his/her life to secret agency for government wage scale. No experience necessary; we provide up to two years of paid training. Foreign language aptitude a plus; overseas living experience desirable.

"Must have good sales personality to talk foreign nationals into betraying their country. Flexible enough to charm a wide range of people. Split personality often essential in order to work 'cover' job. Applicants must be absolutely security-minded, highly patriotic and unquestioning of final orders.

"You must be willing to relocate to Washington for training and spend 70 per cent of your time in random overseas posts throughout the world. Some danger, but mostly lots of paper work. Be prepared to be secretly evaluated during training and throughout your entire career. You will receive no recognition outside the company for your work. No marketing majors or 007 types. Forget the John le Carré novels.

"If this sounds like a good career opportunity, write Central Intelligence Agency, Washington, DC 20505. A-RDP91-0890 1R 0095 cents are subject to an exten-

sive background investigation and will be required to take a lie detector test on such subjects as whether they have ever used drugs or if they have had a homosexual experience. The CIA is an equal opportunity employer."

The CIA's own solicitations in pamphlets and carefully worded advertisements simply refer to "challenge and opportunity" abroad.

As far as real-life spooks are concerned, James Bond can keep his Aston-Martin. He's in British intelligence anyway. While saluting American spies who perform such heroic intelligence-gathering acts in hostile terrain as "flying tiny airplanes in bad weather and landing on a strip the size of a postage stamp," former CIA director William Colby emphasized intelligence life does not imitate the movies.

"The American intelligence officer does not leap over the wall of the Kremlin and vault into the Politburo's headquarters," explained Colby. "He finds a Soviet citizen and convinces him it's in the best interests of his country and mankind" to discreetly pass Soviet secrets to the Americans.

After talking with Colby and other intelligence hands, one could conclude the ideal officer would possess the acquisitive skills of John D. Rockefeller, the fatherly

STATINTL

Approved For Release 2001/03/06 : CIA-RDP91-00901R

# RADIO TV REPORTS, INC

4701 WILLARD AVENUE, CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND 20815 656-4068

FOR PUBLIC AFFAIRS STAFF

PROGRAM First Camera

STATION WRC-TV  
NBC Network

STATINTL

DATE December 4, 1983 7:00 P.M. CITY Washington, D.C.

SUBJECT Spies

LLOYD DOBYNS: Our story is about spies, and the location is here in Vienna.

There are a lot of spies in Vienna, ours and theirs. This story is about one of ours pretending to be one of theirs. His name was Nicholas Shadrin. He defected from the Soviet Union in 1959 and disappeared from Vienna in 1975. The question is: Was he kidnapped by the KGB, or did the CIA give him to them? We don't have the answer, but looking for it has made a fascinating story.

We know that story ended on December 20th, 1975 in Vienna. A naturalized American citizen was missing, and no one seemed to want to find him.

In 1959 Nicholas Shadrin, the youngest destroyer commander in the Soviet Navy, defected. He and Eva Gora (?) crossed the Baltic from Poland to Sweden in an open boat, an amazing bit of seamanship by Shadrin and a dreadful political embarrassment for the Soviets.

They stayed briefly in Sweden. Mrs. Shadrin remembers that when they decided to come to the United States, a Swedish Navy commander warned them that the Americans were as callous as the Soviets and would use and abandon Nick.

Their first stop in the United States was a CIA safe-house on Maryland's Eastern Shore. Nick Shadrin became friendly with the man who ran it, Pete Sevess (?).

Approved For Release 2001/03/06 : CIA-RDP91-00901R000500070003-6

OFFICES IN: WASHINGTON D.C. • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES • CHICAGO • DETROIT • AND OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES